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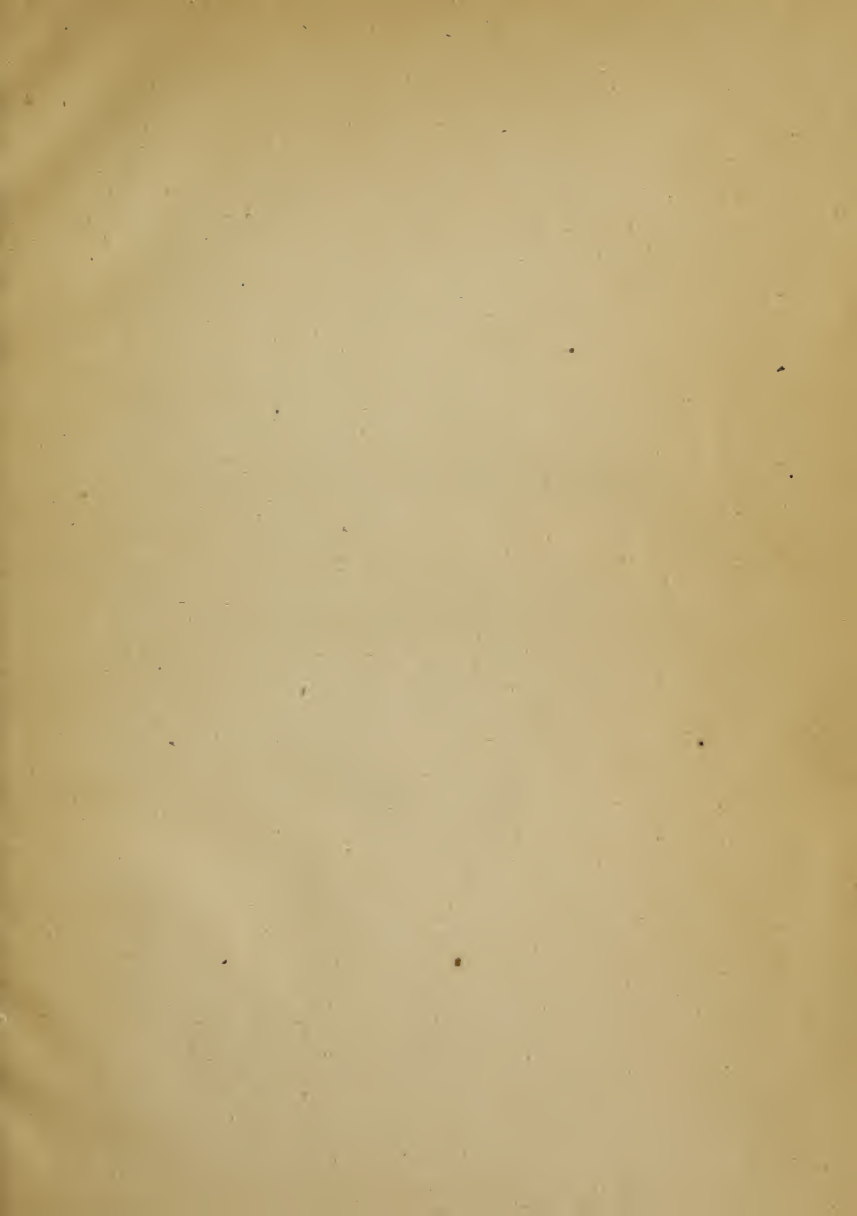
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# IMPERIALE, A TRAGEDY.

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*Ovid. 2. Trist. ad Cas. August.*

*Omne genus scripti gravitate Tragoedia vincit.*

---

*By Sir Ralph Freeman.*

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LONDON,

Printed by *Thomas Harper*, and are to be sold by *Robert Pollard*, at his Shop behind the Old Exchange,  
at the signe of *Ben: Jonson*.

MDC LV.

149. 615-

May. 1873



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Weyman, at the Sign of the  
Three Kings, in the Strand, near the Old Exchange

M D C L V



*To my ancient and learned Friend,*  
**JOHN MORRIS, Esq.**

*SIR:*



His Tragædy is now permitted, through the importunity of some friends, to appeare abroad: chiefly to prevent a surreptitious publication intended from an erroneous Copy. And though I never design'd it to the open World, yet since it hath the fate to become publick, I know none to whom I can more fitly address it than to you, who, besides our ancient Friendship, have heretofore in a very learned Discourse, afforded it more than an ordinary approbation: which, but that it might have savoured of vain-glory in me, had for learnings sake accompani'd this to the light. But truly I am so far from seeking fame from hence, that I think it enough if I be vindicated from censure. And therefore to manifest how Antiquity hath valu'd this kinde of Argument, I have prefixed some testimonies, that the rigid men of our age, who will be ready to say, I have beene too idly busi'd, may see what use the Græcians and Romans made of Tragædy to prevaile upon the affections of the people.

**R. F.**  
*For Ralph Freeman.*



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*Aristoteles de Poetica, cap. 10.*

**Η** ἰσορία καὶ ἡ ποιησις, ὃ τῷ ἡ ἑμμετρα λέγειν ἢ ἄμμετρα  
Διφφέρουσιν· ἀλλὰ τῷ Διφφέρει, τῷ τῷ ἢ τὰ γενόμενα  
λέγειν, τῷ ὃ οἶα ἔν γένοιτο. Διὸ καὶ φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ αὐτοδαιό-  
τερον ποιησις ἰσορίας ἐστίν.

**H**istory and Poesie ( wherein he preferres Tragedy )  
differ not, in that the one is written in Prose, the  
other in Verse; but in this, that the one represents things  
as they be, the other as they may, or ought to be. And there-  
fore Poesie is a thing more Philosophicall and grave, than  
History.

*Plutarchus de gloria Atheniensium.*

**Η** ὕψιστε δὲ ἡ τραγωδία καὶ διεβοήθη, Περικλέωνος ἀκρόαμα  
καὶ θεῖα ματὴ τὸν ἀνθρώπων γενομένη, &c.

**Α**ὐτὸ δὲ ἐκλογισθὲν τῷ Δραμάτων ἑκάστων ὅσα κατέστη, πλείον Ἀ-  
θηναίων φανεῖται ὁ δὲ ἡμῶν εἰς Βάκχας καὶ Φοινίσσας, καὶ οἱ  
Δίποδας καὶ Ἀνζυγόνων καὶ τὰ Μηδείας καὶ καὶ ἡ ἑλκτρως  
ὡν ἐστὶν τὸ ἡγεμονίας καὶ τὸ ἐλευθερίας πολέμων τὸς βαρβάρους  
ἐνήλωσεν.

**T**ragedy flourished and was in high esteem, the hearing  
and sight whereof did wonderfully delight the men of  
those times.

**F**or if the accounts bee made of the charge the Athenians  
were at in adorning their Dramatick Poems, it will ap-

peare that the *Bacchæ*, *Phænissæ*, *Oedipi*, *Antigona*, the cruelties of *Medea* and *Electra*, consumed more treasure, than their wars undertaken against Barbarians for liberty and Empire.

*Idem de Vita x. Orat.*

Λυκουργὸς εἰσένεγκε ὡς χαλκῶς εἰκόνας ἀναθεῖναι τῶν ποιητῶν, Αἰσχύλῳ, Σοφοκλέει, Εὐριπίδῃ, καὶ τὰς τραγωδίας αὐτῶν ἐν κοινῷ, χρηψαμένους φυλάττειν, καὶ τὸν τῆ πόλεως χρηματικὰ παραναγιώσκειν· τοῖς γὰρ ὑποκειμένοις ἐκ ἐξεῖναι αὐτὰς ὑποκρίεσθαι.

**L**Ycurgus ordained that statues of brasse should bee erected to the memory of the Poets, *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*; and that their Tragedies should be carefully preserved, and often publicly read by the Notary of the City, when Stage-players were not permitted to act them.

*Delrius in præfatione ad Senecæ Tragædias.*

**N**ON *Marcum Varronem*, non duos *Julios Cæsares*, non *Augustum Octavium*, non *Scaurum*, non *Thraseam*, quibus nihil gravius vidit orbis Romanus, huic *Scriptioni* subsecivas horas impendere puduit.

*Heinsius de constitut. Trage. cap. I.*

**N**ON pauca in *Tragædiæ* constitutione concurrunt: nam & eloquentia est opus, & quidem tota: neque quicquam a *Rhetoribus* est dictum, quod non locum habeat in ista. Jam prudentia civilis, ubi magis requiritur? non modo in sententiis & gnomis sed cum consilia tractantur.

*Dramatis*



Dramatis Personæ.

*S* *An*go, } two slaves.  
*Molosso,* }

*Imperiale*, a Senator of Genua.

*Spinola*, a Noble man of Genua, and a Souldier.

*Justiniano*, a Noble man of Genua, and a Schollar.

*Verdugo*, a Brave.

*Doria*, a Prince in Genua.

*Francisco*, *Spinola's* sonne.

Judge.

Doctor.

witnelles, 2.

*Evagrio*, } Kinsmen of *Spinola*.  
*Fidele*, }

Officers.

Friends, 2.

*Honor*a, *Imperiale's* Wife.

*Angelica*, her Daughter.

*Nugella*, the Waiting-woman.

Cooke.

Cater.

Porter.

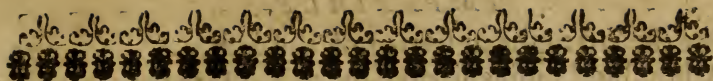
Chorus.

## The Argument.



**I**mperiale & Spinola Noblemen of Genua, having been ancient enemies, and lately reconciled by the mediation of Justiniano, a friend to both; Spinola endeavoured to marry his Sonne Francisco to Angelica Daughter of Imperiale; but finding his Son rejected, and Doria entertained, by that conceived affront, accompanied with other jealousies, suspects the old enmity not fully eradicated from the breast of Imperiale, and moved with indignation, hired a Brave to kill him in a crowd at a Festivall: this being accidentally discovered by Sango, Spinola's slave, hee reveales it to Molosso, Imperiale's slave, as acceptable news to him, who had waited an opportunity to be revenged on his Patron for severe and usuall punishment, inflicted upon him. Molosso to ingratiate himselfe with his Lord, thereby to worke a greater mischief, not only reveales the plot to him, but diverts the same upon Spinola's owne Son, at which unexpected encounter, Spinola through rage falls into a strange kinde of distraction, but at length being an eye-witness of the misery which through the cruelty of the slaves befell Imperiale, his wife Honoria, Angelica, and Doria, hee recovers his senses, and turnes his fury into compassion.





*Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*

*Sango, Molosso.*

**T**Is true *Molosso*, fortune hath prepar'd  
A full revenge for thee without thy hazard,  
And ere the rising Sun shall yet decline,  
*Imperiale*, thy proud Lord, shall fall  
As low as hell; one unexpected blow  
Shall recompence those many he gave thee;  
When imitating forreigne cruelty,  
He bound thee fast, and made thy feet an Anvill.

*Mol. Sango*, If thou contemplating our friendship,  
Begotten first by consanguinity,  
And since confirm'd by our joynt sufferings heere,  
Hast undertaken some bold stratagem  
Against my Patron to revenge my wrongs,  
Thy great affection may but ruine me;  
Delay not then to make me understand  
Thy full intent: beleeve it 'twill be vaine,  
Our sword once drawn, to thinke to sheath againe.

*San.* Then know the plot is more securely layd,  
Than my weak means (although my will be strong)  
Could ever reach, without my certaine death;  
And by strange chance I did discover it  
Without the Actors knowledge; thou hast heard  
Of the old deadly feud between our Lords,  
Which wound, although it were in shew heal'd up,  
Is broken out afresh; 'twas not well searcht;

## IMPERIALE,

For the last night, at setting of the Sun,  
A household businesse cal'd me to the Garden,  
Where in the thicket near the Arbour, lying  
To rest my selfe, I quickly fell asleep,  
Into which Arbour in the mean time came  
My Patron with a Brave accompanied,  
A fellow expert in that *Mystery*:  
At their first entrance to the place I wak'd,  
But durst not stir, for had I, death had seiz'd me;  
There was I privy to their whole discourse,  
Which was in brieffe but this, that for the summe  
Of fifteen hundred crownes, thy Patrons life  
Is sold, and must ere noone be snatch't away. (awake,  
*Mo.* Sure thou didst dream, thou wert not throughly  
For though our Lords were lately reconcil'd,  
Mine keeps a carefull watch, and never stirs  
Out of the City, where he knows he's safe.

*San.* Hee'l be deceiv'd, the rareness of the plot  
Did please beyond the deare and long'd for Act;  
Heer's the designe, this b'ing a solemne day  
Annually observed by the State,  
In memory of a publick benefit  
Received by the private care of one  
Of thy Lords Ancestours, will draw all sorts  
Of people to the Temple, where the Brave  
Wearing a Spanish Cloake, but under it  
The habit of a Peasant, is resolv'd  
To watch *Imperiale*, and keep neare him,  
And when the usuall Ceremonies are done,  
In the confus'd Crowd his cunning hand  
Shall guide a poyson'd dagger to his heart,  
And in an instant, letting fall his Cloake,

Which

Which shall be large to hide his rustick habit,  
He, with the rest, will stand about the body  
And wring his hands at th' horror of the fact,  
And thus the Brave shall thy part bravely act.  
What? silent? not affected with a joy  
Should ravish thee? and swell thy veins with pleasure,  
Like to the Estrich in the act of lust?

*Mo.* Light joyes are eas'ly vented; such as this  
Is entertained with an extasie,  
And by degrees exprest: but as the full  
Fruition of a thing we most delight in  
Is checkt with dayly feare of losing it,  
So find I now my rising heart kept down  
With doubt of such a wished happinesse.

*San.* Had'st thou, as I beheld the Actors looks,  
When he declar'd his resolution,  
To my attentive *Patron*, thou wouldst rest  
Assur'd of the event, and sweare he needed  
No other weapon to destroy a man;  
His eyes would have out-star'd a Basilisk,  
They were two Comets that are surely fatall.

*Mo.* May they portend more mischief to this House,  
Than those that blasted ours and our whole Country.  
But in this strong desire of a revenge,  
Discretion must direct our passion;  
And therefore let it be thy chiefeest care  
Neither in word, nor gesture, to disclose  
Thy fortunate discovery, till the end  
Shall crown the worke, and banish all our fears;  
My taske shall be to make it profitable  
No lesse than pleasant, by his foreknown fall  
Wee'l raise our selves to wealth and liberty,



## IMPERIALE,

The great allurements of those bold attempts,  
Wherein the Vassall dares affront his Lord,  
And quite shake off the yoke of his subjection.  
When he, whose wilfull power rul'd all men, shall  
Find both his will and power ore-rul'd by all.

*Sang.* Our Magnifico's think us flegmatick rascals,  
Created but for blows, and scorne, so far  
In love with servitude, as scarce to wish  
Revenge or freedome.

*Mol.* They shall finde at length  
Patience opprest will into fury turne ;  
Nature, in spite of fortune gave us mindes  
That cannot like our bodies be inthrall'd ;  
But soft, I doubt our early privacy  
May render us suspected ; leave to me  
The manage of th' affaire ; do thou rely  
Upon the dumb-mans vertue, secrecy.

---

### *Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.*

*Spinola, Justiniano.*

**T**He hatefull sound of *Imperiale's* name  
Would strike me deafe, my deare *Justinian*,  
Were it not temper'd by thy gentle tongue,  
That had the Art to make m'embrace and trust  
A reconciled foe, who hath rejected  
With scorn my hopefull son, as if his birth,  
Fortune, and parts, had not deserv'd that flirt  
His gilded daughter ; but I tax not thee,  
Whose friendship is a gem without a foile,

And

*A Tragedy.*

And hardly can be valu'd, never matcht :  
I know thy milder studies chiefly bent  
To weed out rancour from the mindes of men,  
Smoothing rough nature with morality,  
And this becomes Philosophers : but I  
That do professe the Art of killing men,  
Encourag'd by all States, impos'd by some  
Must follow other precepts : he is sure  
Of many wrongs, that will but one endure.

*Just.* Thy Character of me, lov'd *Spinola*,  
Thus far I may without vain-glory owne,  
Truly to love my friend, yet hate no man;  
And since mine owne experience findes how well  
Thou dost the one, I would perswade the other ;  
Nor would I now convert thee to a Stoicke,  
To make thee thinke there are no injuries,  
Or if there be, that wise men cannot feele 'em,  
These I confesse, are not compatible  
With thy condition ; on the other side,  
I can encourage none, much lesse my friend,  
To take a scandall, when there is none given,  
To call that injury, which is in truth  
A liberty that every man may challenge ;  
Or if *Imperial* ought t'have wav'd the same,  
Yet since the will is free, thou couldst expect  
But fatherly perswasion, to incline  
Th' affections of his daughter, all the rest  
Is ravishment, or tyranny at best.

*Spin.* I know not how the rigid Schools define  
A fathers power, in their beg'd principles,  
As if the freedome of the will extended  
To silly wenches, to restraine the power



IMPERIALE,

Of them that gave them first and second being ;  
No, it was only his inveterate malice,  
That closely lurk't under a new faign'd friendship,  
That stuck on me and mine this contumely,  
Which ought to be resented far above  
An injury, by any generous spirit.

*Just.* Let it be what thy fancy apprehends,  
Which scarce appears in the least circumstance,  
Yet generous spirits at poore contumelies,  
As seldome stoope, as Eagles do to Flyes.

*Spi.* What is there that should wound an active spirit,  
Like base contempt ?

*Just.* The guilt of one base act.

*Spi.* Should we not then be jealous of our fame ?

*Just.* If we within find cause of jealousye.

*Spi.* Reports may brand, although they be untrue.

*Just.* Yes, those that take their honour upon trust.

*Spi.* Our honour by opinion must subsist.

*Just.* Then every puffe of winde will scatter it:  
How can we call that ours, which must depend  
On the rash will, and vainer voyce of others ?  
But herein thou most slight's thy selfe, to doubt  
Thou canst be undervalued by any,  
Much more contemn'd, by him that dares not thinke  
Himselfe to be the worthier, but that thou  
Suggests it for him, in thy vain suspicion :  
They that believe themselves despis'd, confesse  
An inward doubt of their owne worthinesse.

*Spi.* I am not for my part ambitious  
Of the dull fame of stupid patience,  
To seeke to be admir'd for being scorn'd,  
Like *Cato* that could let one spit in's face,

*A Tragedy.*

And when he should have wip'd off the disgrace  
With his sharp Sword, he did it with a Jest  
And his soft handkerchiefe : This was that spirit  
Thou list'st above great *Alexander's* merit.

*Iust.* I, and above the glory' of *Hercules*,  
Or what bold *Greece* hath left in Histories  
Of her great Captaines, to their endlesse fame,  
They Monsters, Kingdomes, and their lusts o'recame :  
*Cato* fought not with Beasts, nor did live when  
'Twas thought that Heaven might be born up by men,  
But in an age when (barbarisme b'ing fled)  
All industry and learning flourished ;  
And in that time did bravely set upon  
That Monster, in many shapes, *Ambition*,  
With all the crimes of *Rome*, and when the State  
Was ready ev'n to sink with its owne weight,  
He it supported with his onely hand ;  
And did (as much as one man could) withstand  
*Romes* instant fate, till forc't to let her go  
He became partner in her overthrow ;  
And so one ruine did them both oppresse,  
Whom to have sever'd had been wickednesse ;  
For was it fit that liberty should dye  
And *Cato* live ? That had been contumely,  
Not the purgation of a mouth that might  
As well have done the Sun or Moone despite :  
But I will leave thee to thy thoughts awhile,  
For wholesome counsell like safe Physick is,  
Unpleasant in the taste, and must have time  
To worke upon th' humour ; thou that art master  
Of so much worth, wilt master in the end  
Those passions that with reason now contend.

# IMPERIALE,

## *Actus Primus. Scena Tertia.*

*Spinola.*

I Must needs make a stong pretence to worth,  
That dare pretend, *Justinian*, to thy love ;  
But when I finde how much I violate  
The sacred lawes of friendship, that refuse  
T'anatomize my very Soule to thee ;  
I am compel'd t'acknowledge mine owne shame,  
Or to suspect thy known fidelity :  
The plot, wherewith I labour, can admit  
No counsell, but a necessary faith  
In the bold Actor, whose subsistence binds him  
To resolution, and to secrecy ;  
All friendly trust is folly, every man  
Hath one, to whom he will commit as much  
As is to him committed : our designs,  
When once they creep from our own private breasts,  
Do in a moment through the City flye,  
Who tells his secret sells his liberty :  
But shall I suffer this black treachery  
To boyle within my doubtfull breast ? mischiefe  
Though it be safe can never be secure ;  
Or shall I ease my thoughts, and give it vent ?  
Yes ; prick a full swoln bladder to relax it,  
Or bore a hole i'th bottome of the ship  
To coole a Calenture ? dull foole, thy life  
Is with thy fame concern'd : besides the base  
Rejection of thy Son (lodg'd deeply here)  
He wrought the Senate to conferre the charge



*A Tragedy.*

Of our late ayd lent *Savoy* against *France*,  
On rash *Marino*, so to blast thy merit;  
Be confident he that durst often venture  
T'affront thee, meant to prosecute thy ruine;  
And 'tis no greater hazard to attempt  
Death, than disgrace, that makes life contemptible:  
On then, be bold and secret, *Spinola*,  
So shalt thou reap the double benefit  
Of safety and revenge: all wickednesse  
Is counted vertue when tis prosperous;  
Be not by any reconciliation led  
To trust thy foe; th'art safe when he is dead.

---

*Actus Primus. Scena Quarta.*

*Imperiale, Honoria, Angelica, Nugella attending.*

**H**OW comes it dear, that the clear sky, thy looks,  
Is suddenly o're-cast? what mysty vapour  
Hath caus'd those stormy clouds? can bright *Aurora*  
Rise cheerefully from shrivel'd *Tythons* bed?  
And thou so discontentedly from mine?  
But I'll not doubt the cause to spring from mee,  
Rather from feare of young Prince *Doria's* safety,  
Whose great affaires perhaps have made him stretch  
His promise to the utmost, not to break it,  
Though he could not prevent our expectation,  
Hee'l not deceiv't, but like th' approaching Sun,  
Will soon expell these mists, and cheer our hearts.

*Hon.* I am solicitous, I must confesse,  
Of his returne, whom we have long expected,

## IMPERIALE,

To whom we have design'd our only daughter,  
And with her both our fortunes and our loves :  
But the true cause of all these perturbations  
Which you discover in my countenance,  
Is a strange dream (heaven make it but a dream)  
And I perhaps should but have thought it so,  
Had not my daughter, ev'n this very night,  
And the same houre as neer as we can guesse,  
With the like vision been disquieted :  
Me thought we harbour'd in our house a Wolfe,  
Bred up so tame that all did handle him,  
Which like a dog would fawn on them that beat him,  
Till on a time accompani'd with another  
Of his own race, he rush't into the chamber  
Where I together with my daughter sate,  
There they resum'd their native cruelty ;  
The one assaulted her, the other me,  
And tearing first our jewels from our necks,  
They made us both at length their fatall prey.

*Ang.* O how the terror of that dreadfull vision  
Affrights my soule ! I tremble when I think on't :  
Me thought the heartstrings of Prince *Doria* crack't  
At the dire newes, it prov'd the overthrow  
Of our whole Family : we differ but in this,  
The Savage Executioners to me  
Seem'd to be Bears, creatures as bloody as Wolves.

*Imp.* It is no wonder that your dreams concurr'd,  
Since there is that relation in your blood :  
I must believe, you had the day before  
Communicated some sad thoughts together,  
Which in the night your wakefull phantasies  
From a like temperature of braine reduc'd



*A Tragedy.*

Into like formes, suggesting that for truth  
Which is at best but fond imagination ;  
What can be vainer than a womans dreame ?  
T'is lesse to be regarded then her tears,  
Which are prepar'd to flow at her command.

*Hon.* *Cassandra's* true predictions were despis'd.

*Imp.* And well they might, had *Troy* bin provident.

*Hon.* Many at length deplore their unbeliefe.

*Imp.* But more lament their rash credulity.

*Hon.* Future events by dreams have bin reveal'd.

*Imp.* So did old wisards doubtfull things unfold  
By flights of birds, such witchcrafts now are ceas't,  
And we from those dark errors are releas't :

To talke of visions is an indiscretion,

Practis'd by Children, and distemper'd persons :

Go then, prepare your selves for solid joyes,

On this day the Republick yeerly payes

A retribution to our Family ;

And as I heare (the time being *Carnivall*)

Some myrth shall season our solemnity ;

If *Doria* come to day, as we expect,

To morrow nothing shall be heard of us

But songs of *Hymen* and *Thalassius*.

*Hon.* Never could any wretches be more glad  
To be deceiv'd.

*Ang.* My heart continues sad.

IMPERIALE,

Actus Primus. Scena Quinta.

Imperiale.

O Wretched state of man, to whom the time  
By nature made for ease, is found unquiet!  
Sleep, properly cal'd rest, who can expresse  
How restlesse it becomes through various dreams?  
Which are so strongly formed by the fancy,  
That though they be most false, and when we wake  
Should wholly vanish, yet even then they leave  
A deep impression in the troubled minde;  
Nor does this only happen to weak women,  
But unto men of speciall eminence,  
Working upon their hopes as well as fears;  
Who many times to their confusion  
Have by such drowsie errours bin seduc'd;  
Hence did *Amilcar* venture to assault  
Strong *Syracuse* deluded by a dream:  
But though it be a folly beyond pardon  
To venture life or fortune in pursuit  
Of such a vanity, yet in all things  
Abundant warinesse can never hurt:  
My slave may not unfitly be compar'd  
To a tame Wolfe or Beare, who may perchance  
Resent his late sharp castigation;  
Him will I send to my own Galley, where  
He shall be chain'd from mischief, and to me  
Not prove unusefull, when the smallest doubt  
May eas'ly be remov'd, who would omit it?  
Let others lose themselves in labyrinths

*A Tragedy.*

Of hidden superstition, and believe,  
The ayre to be replenished with spirits,  
Who by a naturall and inherent vertue  
Foreseeing things to come, and taking pity  
Upon improvident man, reveale by visions  
The dangers that approach, to th' end he may  
By timely care prevent his misery;  
I'll not depend on such *intelligence*  
T'informe me whether *Spinola* hath buried,  
Or only hid, his long continued malice,  
I'll fetch my preservation nearer, hence;  
That shall conserve this individuall;  
No man can suffer ill but from himselfe:  
Fate onely awes the slothfull; wisdome Barres  
The powerfull operation of the starres.

Chorus of two.

1 **T**hose men that mischief do devise,  
Had need to borrow Argus eyes  
To looke about, a poore slave may  
By chance lye hid, and then betray.

2 Within the house they may suspect,  
That walls and beds may them detect,  
And in the field they must provide,  
That not a bush a spy may hide.

1 And albeit they shut the doore,  
Having well searcht the house be'ore,  
Yet they may be betray'd; for prooffe,  
Jove in a showre did pierce the rooffe.



## IMPERIALE,

2 Though in the field no tree, nor bush,  
Nor bird be neare, nor winde doth rish,  
Yet undisaern'd a fairy drab  
Their whole discourse may heare and blab.

1 Then since that neither house, nor field,  
To our black crimes can safety yeeld,  
Let us be Vertuous, and not feare  
What all the world can see or heare.

2 Our dreams are often found to be  
Fruits of a wandring phantasie;  
Yet many times they likewise are  
Sure pledges of Celestiall care.

1 Some men believe too much, and some  
Conceive no truthes by dreams can come;  
It is a knowledge given to few  
To find if they be false or true.

2 Then as it is a rash misprision  
To count each idle dreame a vision;  
So 'tis an errour at the least  
To think all visions are quite ceast.

---

### Actus secundus. Scena Prima.

Francisco.

CAN no advice of friends? nor mine own reason  
Hold me from strong pursuit of what I finde

Can

*A Tragedy.*

Can never be obtain'd? am I so stupid  
After so many scornes not to desist?  
An arrow shot may sooner be recal'd  
Then her affection; th' *Apennine*, the *Alpes*  
Will eas'lier be removed then her Father:  
Feed not thy self, fond foole, with desperate hopes:  
But shall I, arm'd with powerfull love, consult  
With *cold deliberation*, the weake Childe  
Of feeble age? the towring Eagle may  
More eas'ly be confin'd within high walls,  
Than that wing'd boy, that hover'd over *Chaos*  
Be ty'd to humane possibilities:  
What transformations did the antique Poets  
Affirme to have been wrought on men and Gods  
By his sole deiry? which *Jove* himselve  
His frequent *pastime* found; what guards, what spies,  
He hath deceiv'd and fore't, the fiery Bull,  
The wakefull Dragon, and glaz'd *Argus* witnesse.  
Though she that's truly nam'd *Angelica*  
Should now abhor thy person; love can lend thee  
The shape of him she loves; were she averse  
From all mankind, if she like any thing  
She may at length be brought to dote on thee:  
But may I not be tax'd of too much sloth,  
Neglecting active industry, t' expect  
To be assisted by such miracles?  
I yet have only trod the beaten path  
Of vowed service, friends good will, and Jointure  
The elder Brothers formall evidence:  
I am so far from practising the art  
Of spels and philters, I have quite omitted  
Corruption of her confidants and servants:



# IMPERIALE,

I am too cheape a lover and too tame,  
 And hitherto have taught her to deny  
 By easie asking ; I must let her know  
 What I dare doe : my Father is incens'd  
 At my repulse, his old suppress'd hate  
 Renewes it selfe, ; hee'll rather condescend  
 To match me with a *fury*, than with her ;  
 It will be wisdom to decline th' alliance  
 Of him thy Father counts his enemy :  
 It would be wretchednesse to make thy love  
 Depend upon th' affections of another :  
 He never lov'd that can for any cause  
 Suspend his love : set then before thine eyes  
 Valiant *Achilles*, who acquir'd more honour  
 By constancy, even to his enemies daughter,  
 In spite of th' opposition of his friends,  
 Then ere he did by *Hectors* overthrow :  
 Redeeme the time *Francisco*, though't be short,  
 And let this one day satisfie the losse  
 Of weeks and moneths ; her father keeps a slave,  
 A cunning *African*, whose very soule  
 For money, and hope of liberty I'll buy,  
 Him will I straight imploy ; love ne're refuses  
 The basest instruments, if they be usefull,  
 A drudge may finde more corners in the house  
 Than ere the Master knew, and may discover  
 A secret inlet to betray a City ;  
 There will I now begin, he shall advise  
 Where I shall plant my golden batteries.

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

Imperiale. Molosso.

I Am with wonder stricken, not with feare,  
At thy relation of this barbarous plot,  
Contriv'd against my life, after faith given  
Of firm attonement: but the Leopards spots;  
Or stains of Virgin honour may as soon  
Be wip't away, as hatred that hath seiz'd  
A cankred breast; this machination  
Is so inhumane, that to lend it credit  
Is a degree to inhumanity.

Mol. To give slow faith to such a horrid plot  
Becomes a heart so full of piety;  
But in this black designe many presumptions  
Unite themselves to fortifie believe;  
Nor is it to be thought, the wretch durst faine it  
Giving so short a time to be disprov'd;  
The heavens forbid your vertuous diffidence  
Should leave you to the hazzard: I must count  
This blest discovery, a large recompence  
Of former ills fortune hath thrown on me:  
For I am bold to hope, it will by you  
Be graciously accepted, though I finde  
Some late unhappy errors have inforc't,  
Your patience to inflict just punishment  
On him that is your slave, and might expect  
The restless misery of the painfull oare,  
With all the wants that ever were sustain'd  
In a remorselesse Galley; but your goodnesse

## IMPERIALE,

(In spite of fate that meant all this) is pleas'd  
To give me shelter under your owne roose,  
And to the emulation of my fellows  
To grant the favour of your household service ;  
A bondage which I truly may prefer  
Above the common peoples liberty :  
These are the benefits, that invite my soule  
To meditate your preservation,  
Which e're I cease to doe, *Tiber and Poe*  
Shall quite abandon fertile *Italy*,  
And wash th' *Arabian* sands ; though I am rude,  
I must abhor man's shame, Ingratitude.

*Imp.* Fortune and thy integrity have found  
A weighty occasion, to confirme and fix thee  
With roots of adamant, in my good opinion :  
Nor doth it happen often to a servant,  
T' enjoy the happy means t' account himselfe  
The savor of his Master : Kings are born  
More frequently, than such examples found :  
But if to this obliging benefit  
Thy pregnant industry can adde a second,  
The mischief to divert upon himselfe,  
Thou, having sav'd me now, shalt crown me then.

*Mol.* Great Sir, you owe the thanks of what's yet  
To *chance* alone ; I am ambitious (done  
Of something that might merit, if at least  
The diligence and industry of one  
Of my condition, may deserve that title.

*Imp.* It may, it may ; great merit is in story  
Ascrib'd sometimes to bondmen ; all our soules  
Are free and equall, thence our merits flow :  
Why should the person vilifie the worke,

And



*A Tragedy.*

And not the worke rather ennoble him ?  
It is the benefit we looke upon,  
And not the givers meane condition.

*Mol.* I have a ripe designe that shall both give  
Assurance of the truth of what I brought,  
And powre the vengeance on your enemy ;  
Nor can it ever be discovered  
To hurt your fame ; it shall amaze the actor,  
And shall be speedy too ; things of long time  
Are ever doubtfull, lost in expectation,  
Propounded usually for private ends,  
Gain'd by degrees ; an acceptable deed  
Hath double welcome, when 'tis done with speed.

*Imp.* Noble *Molosso*, such thy vertues make thee,  
Proceed with Courage in thy enterprise,  
Which I'll not presse to know, till the event,  
But by implicit trust freely declare  
What confidence I meane to place in thee ;  
And take from me this just incouragement  
To rest assur'd, thy service hath not met  
With an ungratefull Master : I shall never  
Forgive my late credulity, that meant  
T'have added to his former punishment.

---

*Aetus Secundus. Scena Tertia.*

*Molosso, Sango, Francisco.*

**H**Ee's now made sure, I must with speed find out  
Yong *Spinola*, and speak with *Sango* too,  
Behold 'hem both together, t'will succeed.



*San.* See where *Molosso* comes, Sir.

*Fran.* O 'tis hee.

How is't *Moloss*? thy face hath businesse in't,  
would thou wert at leysure.

*Mol.* My toyl'd body  
Will not admit a cheerfull countenance;  
But I can throw off care, if you command.

*Fran.* Wouldst thou embrace redemption?

*Mol.* Aske me whether  
I would not wish some shade, if I were broyl'd.  
Upon the *Lybian* Sands, where *Cancer* reignes:  
But Sir, if I mistake not, you sustaine  
A greater servitude, yet seek not freedome. (fettters.

*Fran.* Thou woul'dst perswade me to shake off Loves

*Mol.* Rather to change them into chains of Gold,  
To wealth and ornament; it may be done  
Without your *Chymicall* projection.

*Fra.* Thou should'st not stand in need of that t'en-  
Could this b' effected. (rich thee,

*Mol.* Sir I have no art,  
Nor leisure to discourse, but I have heard  
There is by fate an opportunity  
Allotted every man, to make him rich  
And happy too, provided he take hold,  
And I am confident that's offer'd you.

*Fra.* What? to enjoy divine *Angelica*?  
No treasure else can make me rich or happy.

*Mol.* When she is brought into your own possession,  
You can but blame your selfe if she depart.

*Fra.* I shall destroy my selfe if then she scape,  
But how? prithy convey thy joyfull newes  
Into me by a reverend secrecie,

That

*A Tragedy.*

That I may be all eare, while thou art whispering.

*They whisper.*

*San.* What plot should this be now? I long to know;  
*Molosso* doubts some accident may happen  
Upon his Masters death, and wisely seeks  
To gaine a friend, under whose safe protection  
He may be sheltered from a sudden storme ;  
I have an equall share in the successe  
Of his designes ; his preservation's mine,  
And therefore need not be inquisitive,  
Th'assured fate of his obdurate Lord  
May make that good he promiseth ; the daughter,  
If once the father were remov'd, perhaps  
Would entertain new thoughts, me thinks she should  
Be sensible of *Doria's* neglects :  
Who can condemn this yong mans hot desire  
Were I as free, as noble as himselfe,  
I should most willingly become her slave,  
And I do hate my forc't condition  
For no one ill so much, as that it brings  
Despaire of such transcendent happinesse.

*Fra.* I'm raviisht with it, 'tis the spiritfull childe  
Of thine owne brain, and will not brooke delay.

*Mol.* That's true : I'll see that all things be prepar'd :  
If the least wheele be out of frame, the watch  
Is altogether uselesse.

*Fra.* Winde it up,  
That I may observe each minute of the time  
That is the *Chrysis* of my life or death :  
First take a taste of my ensuing bounty,  
It may relieve thee, should we be discover'd :

IMPERIALE,

If by this plot my present hopes succeed,  
All future Lovers shall thy story read.

---

*Actus Secundus. Scena Quarta.*

*Sango, Molosso.*

I See thou hast a golden plot in hand,  
Thou must impart.

*Mol.* Halfe this is due to thee  
By our establisht law of equall fortunes.

*San.* I would I might share with *Francisco* too.

*Mol.* That riddle quickly will unfold it selfe:  
But *Sang'* I'm glad I met thee, I was forc't  
For some important reasons to reveale  
The weighty secret to my Patron. *San.* How?

*Mol.* I was compell'd to do't.

*San.* What? to disclose it?  
And unto him? Is this your dumb mans vertue?  
Canst thou so soon forget thine own vile wrongs?  
Ha's the dull ayre of *Europe* chill'd thy bloud?  
For thy sole cause I hardly could containe  
My present joy in the discovery,  
Though death stood gaping for me while I heard it,  
And would'st thou cowardly betray thy fortune?

*Mol.* My obligation to my stars, and thee  
Their *Mercury*, can never be exprest;  
Which I have husbanded to my advantage:  
It is the ground from whence I'll take my rise,  
To leap, and fall like dreadfull thunder on him;  
It is not vengeance, but soft piety

To



*A Tragedy.*

To wish a foes death, when he's fit to die,  
To let him live, and feele himselfe so wretched,  
That he shall seeke and sue for absent death,  
Is a revenge becomes me, and I'll have it ;  
Thou know'st my Patrons former trust was chang'd  
Into a suddaine jealousy, which sprang  
From conscioussnesse of his base injuries ;  
This hath remov'd that doubt, and set me right  
In his lost good opinion, which I meane  
Still to confirme by my strict diligence,  
Till time and opportunity shall shew,  
How far this petty-mischiefe I'll out-goe.

*San.* Now are thy thoughts full plum'd, it pleases me  
To see thee mount, not flag in thy revenge ;  
I must confesse, I love a present mischiefe ;  
But, if it may conduce to thy brave ends,  
To make a feign'd retreat, and then returne  
With greater violence ; I must consent,  
And when th' art ready for thy great assault,  
But, this, and I shall joyne ; in the meane time  
Let nothing be discover'd to my Patron ;  
If that be, death's the best I can expect.

*Mol.* Rest thou secure and to expresse my thanks,  
It shall not be the least part of my plot,  
To give thee meanes to gaine the full fruition  
Of her, that *Genua* so admires and strives for.

*San.* Can there be hope of such a happinesse ?

*Mol.* I, and a good assurance of successe.

*San.* I shall embrac't with all the circumstance  
Of danger, that bold treason undergoes,  
Or what accompanies forbidden love  
In the most jealous climes : I should desire



## IMPERIALE,

In the fruition of such blisse t' expire.

*Mol.* Stoutly resolv'd, come, let us lay our ground,  
We shall build sure, when our foundation's found.

---

### *Actus secundus. Scena Quinta.*

*Verdugo.*

U Nder a homely habit many times,  
Vertue lies hid; this rustick weed conceales  
An Engine, that can frustrate *Providence*:  
When I attempt the death of any man,  
No Towne of Garrison, not his owne house,  
Nor any place of sanctuary can save him:  
Nor doe's my praise consist in this alone,  
That I command the life of whom I list;  
A desperate wretch may claime that priviledge;  
He that is weary of his owne, may be  
Lord of anothers life; but such attempts  
Hatch't only by a phrensie seldome prosper:  
My actions are the fruits of a bold spirit,  
Temper'd with judgement, done with secrecie:  
Hence is our brave profession found to be  
Offspeciall use to aw the insolent,  
And secure those that seecke to live in peace.  
What satisfaction is it to a man  
That receives wrong, to call his enemy forth,  
And then expose himselfe to equall hazard?  
Or in strict Common-wealths t' appeale to Law,  
As if a fain'd submission in set words  
Could cure the piercing sting of injury?

No,

*A Tragedy.*

No, 'tis assurance of a close revenge  
That plants civility, deters and keeps men  
From giving, and from suffering affronts ;  
This benefit we bring to every man,  
Yes, and the publick States of *Italy*,  
How e're they censure our particular actions,  
Receive no small security from us ;  
Treason would hardly finde just punishment  
Within their narrow territories, if we  
Should not, like eager hounds, pursue the Traitors,  
And make them know, that in another Country  
The justice of their own can overtake 'hem ;  
Let then the slothfull tax us, that our ends  
Are not the publick good, but private gaine,  
Which we preferre above mankind ; this is  
But what's objected to the Souldier ; he  
Will fight against his Brother for reward ;  
Men ought to follow their vocation ;  
The fountaine of our livelihood is profit,  
Without which, honour challenging the skill  
To nourish Arts, cannot provide us clothes ;  
Nor vertue, noys'd to be the greatest good,  
Procure us bread. Nor yet is our profession  
More cruell then the gravest ; I have heard  
Of Lawyers that are priviledg'd to cut  
Their clients throats, with a perplex Indenture,  
A parchment Saw. The learn'd Physitian,  
Following the long and beneficiall way  
Of reverend *Galen*, by degrees will purge  
The humours of his Patient, till he leaves  
Nothing but bones, for death and hungry worms  
To gnaw upon ; as for his pliant skin,

## IMPERIALE,

That, while he lives, by pieces is pull'd off,  
Till he be wholly flea'd: the Usurer,  
Is't not his use to binde men first in bonds,  
And bring 'hem then to execution,  
Extending both their bodies and their lands  
Upon a rack? we are more pittifull,  
And by an unexpected way dispatch  
Quicker than lightning, or a cunning heads-man,  
For all the ill of death is apprehension;  
How's *Imperiale* wrong'd, if when he hath  
But newly said his prayers, I release him  
From the ensuing miseries of age?  
And when that work's perform'd, my charity  
May do as much for *Spinola* himselfe,  
Provided I be offer'd like conditions;  
My hand of justice is not partiall.  
But soft, this pleasing contemplation  
May make m'omit the time of action,  
Which now draws neare; my plot is so contriv'd,  
That being pursu'd with resolution,  
It cannot want successe; our best designs  
Are often crost, when through a fond remorse  
We change our counsels: few have learn'd the skill  
To be or wholly good, or wholly ill.

### Chorus of two.

1. **F**ond youth to hope, where no hope is,  
And to be brought to place thy trust  
On him, that makes deceit his blisse,  
And counts it folly to be just:

Goe wash an Ethiop white, and finde  
Faith harbour'd in a slavish minde.



*A Tragedy.*

2 Love wanting eyes makes all men blinde,  
That to his power submit their wils;  
No counsell can acceptance finde,  
But such as their owne lusts fulfils.  
To be in love, and to be wise,  
Apollo to himselfe denies.

1 When he that hath receiv'd harme,  
Requites it with pretended love,  
We must believe 'tis but a charme,  
Quick-ey'd suspicion to remove.  
Some may doe good for good, few will  
Be brought to render good for ill.

2 Is it not strange to find a Trade,  
Will act what our Revenge devises?  
To see such formall bargains made  
To kill, or wound at severall prices?  
At which those publique States connive  
That doe by private faction thrive.

1 But though some doe commit these crimes,  
Yet let not us believe we may  
Only cry out against the times,  
And be our selves as bad as they:  
But let our Vertuous deeds prevent  
Both theirs, and our owne punishment.

---

*Actus Tertius Scena Prima.*

*Angelica, Nugella.*

**A** Lthough my father hath resolv'd all doubts  
My reason could object; yet still I feele



IMPERIALE,

A chilling vapour hover in my breast,  
Which many times breaks forth in suddaine sighs,  
For which I can assigne no other cause,  
Than that the world cannot afford a Joy  
Unmixt with reall or supposed sorrow ;  
Hence is it that most Brides are found to weepe,  
Yet know not why, upon their wedding day.

*Nug.* Such follies are too common, I confesse,  
But should I have the happinesse to see  
Yong *Hymen* in his yellow socks my guest,  
I'de entertaine him with no other teares  
Than such as from prest grapes in Autumne flow,  
Wherewith his drowsie head and wither'd garland  
I would bedew ; till to his twinkling eyes  
Each rapour should present a double light,  
While waggish Boyes should with their wanton Songs  
Prepare our thoughts to our ensuing pleasures.

*Ang.* Fie, fie, *Nugella*, no laciviousnesse  
Can ere become solemnities, that must  
Create us Matrons ; there is cause to feare  
Their chastity, that unchast songs can heare.

*Nug.* Is it a shame to lend our eares to that  
We are allow'd to doe ?

*Ang.* Yes many things  
Are lawfull, and yet shamefull to be done  
Or spoken publikely.

*Nug.* A woman may  
Be free in outward Gesture, yet preserve  
An inward chastity ; and I know many  
Both rich and noble Ladies so dispos'd.

*Ang.* T'is not the glittering canopy of greatnesse,  
But th' humble vaile of modesty must guard

*A Tragedy.*

A womans fame ; which being once throwne off  
Leaves her expos'd to every bold assault.

*Nug.* But when she's found impregnable, t'will stop  
Their vaine attempts.

*Ang.* A fort cannot be thought  
Impregnable, that offers frequent parlies.

*Nug.* Yet that (as I have heard) is often done  
To gaine advantage and delude the foe.

*Ang.* Can it beseeme a Virgin or a Wife  
To play with all th' allurements of *desire* ;  
And thinke her honour's safe if she abstaine  
From the bare act, the duller part of lust ?

*Nug.* They doe but imitate those Chariot-drivers  
That you were wont to read of, whose praise was  
To come as neare as might be, and not touch ;  
Love hath ordained by an antique law  
Newly reviv'd, that every place and roome  
In *Venus* pallace, be allow'd for sport,  
Except her cabinet, that must not be  
Open'd nor touch't; at least not willingly.

*Ang.* Thou wilt be waggish still? But hark who knoks?  
This wench that never felt the fire of love  
Thinks like a wanton Child, it may be plaid with,  
But she will finde it one day far more raging,  
Than that which fierce *Medea* did convey  
Into *Creusa's* robe : how now ? who is't ?

*Nug.* A stranger, with a letter, which he saies  
He must present to your owne hand.

*Ang.* Admit him ;  
If it be from my *Doria*, I feare  
Some unexpected accident, wherein  
His honour is concern'd, retards his coming,

IMPERIALE,

But I must likewise arme my selfe for wiles :  
Such love as ours cannot want envious plots.

---

*Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.*

*Doria disguised. Angelica. Nugella.*

I Shall not be discover'd by my voyce,  
Italian Virgins are at distance woo'd,  
And more by fame than verball courtship won :  
This speaks my errand, leaves no circumstance  
To be related by the messenger.  
See how her bloud retires, to ayd her heart,  
So looks bright *Phœbe*, when *Thessalian* charms  
Strike her with feare; or th'early Rose, whose beauty  
Nipt by a latter frost, appears like snow :  
Now it returnes, and settles in her cheeks,  
As if the newes tooke no impression :  
Such orient beams when youthfull day returnes,  
By the bedewed Shepheard are beheld.

*Ang.* I may suppose you, Sir, not ignorant  
Of what you bring ; and may believe y'have heard  
Something of yong Prince *Doria* and me.

*Dor.* Lady, I have ; fame with her silver trumpet  
Hath blaz'd your constant loves.

*Ang.* And are you not  
Strangely amaz'd, to see me read these lines  
Without a showre of tears ?

*Dor.* If they import  
Any disaster, you then imitate  
Those ancient *worthies*, that had bravely learn'd



*A Tragedy.*

To conquer passion at the first assault.

*Nug.* You think yong women very impatient  
To have their joyes defer'd; my Ladie's wife  
To beare it thus, so long as he is safe.

*Ang.* Hee's dead, *Nugella*; the great Generall  
Writes me, that he having the sole command  
Of an important place, forlooke the same,  
And in his swift retrait, receiv'd a shot  
I'th hinder part of's head.

*Nug.* O dolefull accident !

*Ang.* Canst thou be so ingratefull to my *Doria*,  
To lend it such a serious beliefe,  
As may deserve a teare ?

*Nug.* I would I durst  
Suspect what comes so to our woe confirm'd.

*Ang.* Were it confirm'd by the unerring seale  
Of this wise state, it should not merit faith.

*Nug.* Alas! he was not to be thought immortall.

*Ang.* But was he not to be acknowledg'd valiant?  
That attribute his foes did not deny him:

Had these contrived lines contain'd but this,  
Brave *Doria's* slaine, a torrent, hence, had gusht,  
That like *Alpheus*, had through earth and sea  
Wander'd unmixt, till in the gulse of death,  
It should have lost it selfe in seeking him.

But when I find impossibilities  
Basely obtruded, my true love disdaines  
To lend beliefe to any circumstance :

*Mars* could as soon be frighted from his spheare,  
As he from any charge he undertooke :  
'Tis a malicious scandall ; and although  
My nature ev'n abhors to use a stranger

With

IMPERIALE,

With any incivility, yet I'm forc't  
To tax the bearer with this vile imposture.

*Dor.* By great Saint *George*, the Patron of this State,  
*Doria* himselfe is not more innocent.

*Ang.* That name is sacred, let me then conjure thee  
To answer truly but to this one question.

*Dor.* I shall.

*Ang.* Was there before you left the Army,  
Any report of this sad newes you brought?

*Dor.* I dare not say there was.

*Ang.* The Palace cracks  
When such a pillar falls: the Generall  
One of those many which my fortune woo'd,  
Envious that *Doria* gain'd both that and me,  
And knowing well, that valour alwayes is  
The speciall object of a noble love,  
Attempted thus to shake my constancy:  
But if the fates should prove so cruell to me,  
To make me survive him; this is my vow,  
To stand for ever like sad *Niobe*,  
A weeping statue to his memory.

*Dor.* Never did such a vertuous courage rest,  
In the calme harbour of a Virgins breast.

---

*Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia.*

*Spinola.*

AS the flie Fowler having over night,  
Set cunningly his artificiall net,  
Early returnes, with an assured hope

To

*A Tragedy.*

To finde the fowle insnar'd: so are my thoughts  
Wholly possess'd with present expectation  
Of the glad news of my successfull plot;  
The managing whereof, I never can  
Within my selfe sufficiently applaud:  
I have not like rash *Piso*, foolishly  
Dispers'd my trust; nor like the sons of *Brutus*,  
Disclos'd my secret where a servant might  
Discover, and betray; my warinesse  
In a safe garden whisper'd my designe,  
And but to one, that if it should miscarry,  
And he through feare or punishment confesse;  
Yet I am sure to have but one accuser,  
Whose testimony my power and bold deniall  
Will easily convince; but these mistrusts  
Are altogether needlesse: I may be  
As confident as those *Sicilians*  
Who when their chiefe confederat was surpriz'd,  
So much reli'd upon his resolution,  
As that not any of them would flye,  
And so conceal'd their bold conspiracy.  
Behold my kinsmen bringing joyfull newes.

---

*Actus Tertius. Scena Quarta.*

*Evagrio, Fidele, Spinola.*

O H that I were snatch't up into the Sky,  
And there transform'd into a cloud, that so  
I might dissolve into a showre of tears!

*Fid.* Can the day see such mischief, and be seen?



*IMPERIALE,*

And not make haste to throwd his guilty head  
Under the gloomy Canopy of night?

*Spin.* What earthquake? what prodigious spectacle  
Hath strook you both with horror?

*Evag.* Oh he's dead!

*Spin.* Why should that so amaze or you, or me,  
Since death must be the lot of every man?

*Fid.* Alas, your sonne.

*Spin.* How can it concern him?

*Evag.* Great Sir, your dear and only son is slain,

*Spin.* How's this?

*Fid.* He's murder'd sacrilegiously  
Even in the Temple-porch, he was disguis'd,  
And thought of all t'have bin *Imperiale*.

*Spin.* I am undone.

*Fid.* The desperate actor was  
Clad in a countrey habit, (and it seems,)  
Mistook the person; when he saw his face,  
He tore his viperous haire; the Judge was present,  
Who gave command to bring him instantly,  
To receive speedy judgement.

*Spin.* Over reacht

In mine own plot? the sword of my revenge  
Turn'd on my selfe, & drown'd in mine own bowels?  
I am betrayd, yet cannot suspect how;  
It could not be by mortall subtilty,  
It was some Divel lurking in the ayre;  
How shall I be reveng'd? O that he would  
Assume a humane body, that I might  
Encounter him! but I have found the way,  
I'll study the black Art, turn Conjurer,  
And then impose a labour on them all,

*A Tragedy.*

Worse then *Ixion* or the *Belides*  
Are said to undergoe.

*Eva.* We have done ill,  
To rush upon him with such violence;  
The sudden grief hath half distracted him;  
We'll strive to temper it with better hopes.  
Things may not be so bad as our affections  
Have made us feare; *Francisco Spinola*  
Was often nam'd.

*Fid.* But neither of us both  
Can say we saw him dead.

*Spin.* Nay then I see  
Y'are Villaines hir'd, suborn'd to undermine me:  
First you confound me with your horrid newes,  
And then confesse ye may be both mistaken:  
But I am arm'd with patience, if *Imperial*  
Retaining still his late abjured malice,  
Hath by some hellish Art contriv'd this mischief,  
I may in just resentment of my wrongs,  
Implore heavens vengeance on his perjur'd head,  
And this is all y' are like to scrue from me. (doubt us,

*Fid.* Let not your troubled thoughts make you  
Who for his life would sacrifice our owne.

*Spi.* I will devise a stratagem, shall neede  
No other hand but this, which I'll conceale  
From my owne selfe, till th' instant time of Action;  
For if I should disclose it in a place  
Where there are trees, or flowers, I am betray'd:  
I would not breathe it forth, unlesse it were  
After a dreadfull thunder, that had purg'd  
The ayre, and frighted thence those subtrill spies,  
That to our foes by night betray our plots.

*IMPERIALE,*

*Eva.* You have a faithfull friend, to whom you  
Safely powre out the secrets of your heart; (may  
The wise *Iustinian*.

*Spin.* O that name is like  
A precious balme to cure the wounds of fortune!

*Fid.* Please you retire, I'll bring him presently.

*Spi.* No wilde rebellion of my passions can  
Make me neglect the friendship of that man.

---

*Actus Tertius. Scena Quinta.*

*Moloſſo, Imperiale.*

**N**OW you may see, fir, you were not abus'd  
In our discovery, and I hope you finde  
My undertakings and your trust made good.

*Imp.* The Sunne at noon is not more cleerly seen:  
But may it not breed a suspicion  
That he was clad like me?

*Mol.* Why fir you know  
'Tis now th'unruly time of *Carnivall*,  
When every man takes what disguise he pleases.

*Imp.* But I much wonder how he was perswaded  
To put himselfe so soone into my habit.

*Mol.* I brought him to a strong beleefe, that he  
By that device and my assistance should  
Convey away your daughter.

*Imp.* I intended  
The Father should be punisht, not the son.

*Mol.* By this your vengeance is more exquisite;  
Make your account that with the son y' have thrust |  
The



*A Tragedy.*

The father through, who having found himselfe  
O're-reacht by you, or by his owne just fate,  
In such a counterplot, must needs at length  
Become his owne dire executioner ;  
In the mean time, his life is worse then death.

*Imp.* True, true ; death's the request of such : to die  
Not wretched is, but to live wretchedly :  
Vengeance is meer compassion when we kill :  
I feele a joy beyond expression :  
There is no pleasure like to sweet revenge :  
But I desire things should be carried so  
That I be still reputed innocent.

*Mol.* That's my sole care; the Brave in th'act was taken,  
And by commandment of the present Judge,  
Is brought already to receive his triall.

*Imp.* Thou shalt do well to hearken aloofe off :  
I'll take no notice but in generall,  
And will proceed in our intended mirth.

*Mol.* By all means sir.

*Imp.* We must at this time shun  
Unusuall privacy ; keep thou thy distance,  
But know, that both my life and fortunes are  
Most willingly committed to thy care.

---

*Actus Tertius. Scena sexta.*

*Judge, Doctor, Witnesses, Verdugo, Officers.*

**S**INCE it hath been the custome of this State  
To place a stranger on this high Tribunall,  
Ordaining a professor of the Lawes,

## IMPERIALE,

As his assistant (b'ing the place you hold)  
It is our duty to discharge that trust  
With all integrity and not to look  
Upon mens persons, but to weigh their crimes  
In equall ballance, to which purpose now,  
Although a strange and horrid sacriledge  
Hath call'd us higher in unusuall haste;  
Yet it must be our chief care to proceed  
With due deliberation; otherwise  
Though just our sentence be, we are unjust.

*Doct.* I have for some years had the happinesse  
To be a witnessse of your constant session,  
In all which time I have not heard a sentence  
Pronounc't by you, that envy could pervert.

*Jud.* We must not think we deserve praise for that,  
Which to neglect would merit punishment.

*Doct.* But yet there are degrees of good and ill,  
Wherein the actor takes a liberty.

*Jud.* Yet where the Law prescribes a certain rule,  
A just Judge cannot challenge liberty:  
But let us now pursue the work in hand,  
Where is the pris'ner?

*Off.* Heere.

*Doct.* Let him draw neare.

*Jud.* His name?

*Off.* He calls himselfe *Verdugo*, sir.

*Jud.* Then know, *Verdugo*, though thy hainous fact  
Be evident, yet the Justice of this state  
Grants thee free leave to answer for thy selfe.

*Ver.* I thanke the State for their set complement.

*Jud.* Bring forth the witnessses that he may see 'hem.

*Off.* They are both here, if't please your Excellence.

*A Tragedy.*

*Jud.* Have they been sworn?

*Dost.* Yes both, sir, before me.

*Jud.* Then by the oath y'have tane, declare the truth  
Of what you know concerning this delinquent;  
Begin you first.

*Wit. 1.* About some three hours since  
B'ing in the *Damo*, I espi'd this man  
At his first entrance, and although I never  
To my remembrance saw his face before,  
Yet instantly I found a strange dislike  
Of his aspect, which did increase the more,  
Because I saw him often fix his eyes  
On him he slew, whom I conceiv'd to be  
Signior *Imperiale*; I reveal'd my thoughts  
To this yong man who then stood next me, who  
Concurring with me did resolve, as I  
To watch him narrowly; we both agreed  
To keep on either side of him, at length  
I'th midst of all the crowd, raising his arme  
To fetch his blow, he hit me with his elbow,  
At which I suddenly layd hold on him,  
Supposing he had snatcht at some mans purse,  
But then I saw drop from his hand the sheath  
Of that dire weapon he had newly buried,  
In the warm bowels of that Gentleman.

*Wit. 2.* Most part of this I aver, I stood so near him  
That I perceiv'd the motion of his arme,  
And looking down, spi'd bloud upon his hand.

*Ver.* The Canker take your Physiognomy  
That made you try conclusions upon me.

*Jud.* There cannot be more clear and pregnant proof;  
What have you to alledge in your defence?

*Dost.* He hath confest the fact.



IMPERIALE,

*Iud.* Hath he confest  
Who set him on? whether he meant to kill  
Signior Imperial' or yong *Spinola*?

*Ver.* The one had done me wrong, but destiny  
Made th' other take a *Carnival* disguise  
Somewhat too soone.

*Iud.* Such recreations,  
Though in themselves they be indifferent,  
Yet in a sacred Temple th' are prophane,  
And draw downe vengeance.

*Ver.* Had there bin but hope  
To have enervated their testimony;  
The racke, nor the Strappado, no nor yet  
The subtler torment both of fire and water  
Should have inforc'd me to the least confession:  
But 'tis my fate, and therefore let me heare  
My passing bell, my doome quickly pronounc'd;  
For 'twere ridiculous to expect favour,  
Since your integrity (as you confest)  
May not shew any, where the law condemnes.

*Dos.* Dar'st thou deride the Iudge:

*Iud.* Let him alone,  
He hath no sence of his owne misery;  
His boldnesse moves not me, I shall proceed  
With the unchanged countenance of Law,  
And with a voyce not furious, but severe;  
When I condemne a guilty man, 'tis done,  
As if I strooke a Serpent, not with passion.

*Dos.* His wicked acts have hard'ned him, he came  
No novice to this cruell enterprise:  
In *Venice* he climbing a Ladder, shot  
Through the glasse window a *Clarissimo*.

*A Tragedy.*

Sitting at supper: *Slew a Count of Naples*  
In his owne garden, having first observ'd  
A place where he might scale the wall t' escape;  
And that his wants may not obtrude the guilt  
Upon his fortune, he but lately ravish't  
A yong and noble virgin in *Siena*,  
The onely daughter of *Petrucco*.

*Ver.* Can that be thought to be a great offence?

*Dost.* The harmlesse man thinks it no great offence,  
With hot and beastly lust to vitiate  
A Damsell, at the most but ten yeares old.

*Ver.* Beleeve it, I have found 'hem good at eight:  
Why there are many like *Quartilla*, sir,  
Remember not that they were ever maids.

*Iud.* He takes delight not onely in the act,  
But in the infamy of wickednesse;  
But I will rid the world of such a monster;  
And therefore now, *Verdugo*, I pronounce,  
Because th' hast heap'd up crimes, and drunke in vice,  
Which is dispersed into every limb,  
Thy body shall be laid upon a wheele,  
And limb by limb be broken, tell thou dyest;  
Nor shalt thou then finde any other grave,  
Than the blacke mawes of Vultures, and remaine  
In the meane time a spectacle to men:  
This sentence justice hath declar'd by me.

*Ver.* Sir?

*Iud.* Not to be revok't, take him away,  
And early in the morning see't be done.

*Ver.* I'll beare it manfully, although I feele  
*Ixion*- like the torment of the wheele.

*Iud.* Such malefactors in a State, are like

IMPERIALE,

To putrified members in mans body,  
Which like a skillfull Surgeon, law findes best:  
To cut off quite least they infect the rest.

Chorus of two.

**L**ove built on vertue, cannot be  
Led by a rash credulity,  
To entertaine reports that tend  
To the dishonour of a friend.

True love is confident, a doubt  
That stakes loves fire will put it out.

2. As they whose tongues are us'd to erre  
Are not beleeu'd, when they auerre  
That which is true; so when we know  
A story false in part, we grow  
Iealous of all; if truth once touch  
On falsehood, it is render'd such.

1. When men in their revengefull hate  
Doe study others ruines, Fate  
Acts Iustice part, to let them see  
They plotted their owne misery.  
'Tis just that they themselves should finde,  
What they to others have design'd.

• But how are these amuz'd, when they  
Being about to seize their prey,  
Finde themselves caught, yet doe not know  
From whence they did receive the blow?  
Like him that hid his gold in hope  
To keepe it safe, but found a rope.



*A Tragedy.*

1 Though they could blinde and bribe the law,  
And keep all witnesses in awe  
By their great power; though they could make  
By cunning the whole State mistake:  
Yet can they be so voyd of sense,  
To think to cozen Providence?

2 If mischief-workers would but bend  
Their guilty thoughts to weigh the end  
Of their ill deeds, they would confesse,  
No safety found in wickednesse.  
How can those crimes that Heaven does see,  
And so abhor, unpunisht bee?

---

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Evagrio, Justiniano.*

**B**Eleeve it sir, h'as all the signes of phrensie,  
His inflam'd bloud boyles in his swelling veines,  
His eyes appeare like fire, his colour changes,  
He grates his teeth, and falters in his speech;  
Sometimes he folds his armes, and deeply sighes,  
Then strikes his angry foot against the ground.

*Iust.* Does he continue in such violence  
As at the first?

*Eva.* Yes sir, by fits; sometimes  
A stupid silence seizeth him, and then  
He breakes againe into his former rage.

*Iust.* These are, I must confesse, the noted symptoms

IMPERIALE,

Of a hurt fancy; he's of a high spirit  
Apt to resent a wrong (if it could be)  
From fate it selfe; but where he takes, a friend,  
On whom a man may build, as on a rocke.

*Eva.* True sir, his rising passions at your name;  
Like a tumultuous multitude at sight  
Of a grave judge, were for the time appeas'd;  
See where he comes, I pray observe, he vents  
His fury often in Poeticke straines,  
And seemes to be that *Hercules* enrag'd;  
He acted with so great applause at *Rome*,  
When the whole Conelave his spectators were,  
His Unkle b'ing created Cardinall,

---

*Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.*

*Spinola, Justiniano, Evagrio.*

**Y**E Furies, active ministers of hell,  
That have your heads invironed with Snakes,  
And in your cruell hands beare fiery scourges,  
Lend me your bloody torches to finde out,  
And punish th'authour of my dear sons murder:  
Assist *Megara* with a new revenge,  
Such as even thou would'st feare to execute:  
Let a vast sea of bloud ore-flow his house,  
And never ebbe till I shall pittie him;  
Ease now th'infernall ghosts, remove the stone  
From th' *Attick* thiefe, and lay it on his shoulders;  
Let the swift stream deceive his endless thirst;  
And let his hands winde the unquiet wheele,

That

*A Tragedy.*

That hourly tortures the *Thessalian* King :  
Let Vultures tire upon his growing Liver,  
But let 'hem nere be tir'd ; and since there is  
One of the fifty *Danaan* sisters wanting,  
Let 'hem admit that man into her roome,  
And with their Pitchers only load his armes :  
How am I sure 'tis he ? or if it be,  
It is the Law of Retribution,  
And is but just, my conscience tels me so :  
Hence childish conscience ; shall I live his scorne,  
Or the whole Cities Pasquill ? I abhor it,  
Were he protected by the *Thunderer*,  
I'd snatch him from his bosome, and in spite  
Of his revengefull thunder, throw him quick  
Into the throat of the infernall dog ;  
Or if that monster be not yet releast,  
Since great *Alcides* drag'd him in a chaine  
Through th' amaz'd townes of *Greece* ; *Enceladus*  
That with his earth-bread flames affrighted heaven,  
Rather than he shall scape, shall fire the world :  
But I delay, and weare away the time  
With empty words: why do I call for Furies,  
That beare in mine own breast a greater fury  
Than *Acheron* and *night* did ever hatch ?  
Ile dart my selfe like winged Lightning on him ;  
Have I no friend ?

*Just.* Yes, one that dares assist you  
In a more valiant act, to crush that Fury,  
And to restore brave *Spinola* to himselfe.

*Spi.* O faithfull soul ! my dear *Francisco's* murder'd.

*Just.* A heavy fate, yet such as should be borne  
Without so strange a tumult, what you give



# IMPERIALE,

Tunbridled rage, you take from your revenge.

*Spi.* Wilt thou allow me to take vengeance? speak,  
But speak *Justinian* with thy wonted faith.

*Just.* Yes, such as Law and Justice shall allow.

*Spi.* I have no skill in Law, and as for Justice,  
Your learned Stoicks make it but a foole,  
A very *Animall*.

*Just.* 'Tis now not seasonable  
To tell you whether *Justice*, *Fortitude*,  
And th'other vertues may be called creatures;  
But I must tell you, that no creature can  
Be happy wanting them; whereof that man  
Deprives himselfe that subjugates his reason,  
On which they all depend, to brutish passion;  
Could you but be perswaded to reflect  
Upon your selfe to see as in a glasse,  
What a deformity this vice hath brought  
Upon your soule, although you hated me,  
You would embrace my counsell!

*Spi.* Deare *Justinian*,  
Fortune hath nothing left that's worth my hope,  
But thy affection; at thy sole command,  
I would attempt to swim the mid-land sea,  
When *Aeolus* and *Neptune* are at wars;  
Expose my selfe to the fierce Dragons jawes,  
Enraged by the theft of *Hercules*:  
At thy command I'll live; hark, hark, what's that?  
It is the voice of my dead son that calls  
For vengeance; see, see where he stands and points  
At his still-bleeding wound; he bids me think  
What he had done e're now, had we chang'd fates;  
Did you not see him?

*A Tragedy.*

*Iust.* No, nor you your selfe,  
'Twas nothing but a strong impression made  
In your disturb'd imagination.

*Spi.* Could both mine eyes and eares be so deceiv'd?

*Iust.* That happens often to perplexed mindes.

*Spi.* Alas, what shall I doe?

*Iust.* Let me perswade you

But to retire, perhaps some milde repose  
May softly steale upon your troubled spirits,  
To give you ease.

*Spi.* If you will have it so,  
My passions in my breast shall silence keep,  
I'll be as tame as (what you wish me) sleep.

*Iust.* Wait on him in, I'll follow presently.

---

*Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.*

*Justiniano.*

**T**He unexpected death of his deare sonne  
So wounds his soul, that his distracted thoughts  
Suggest beleefe, he saw and heard him speake;  
But that cannot seeme strange, if we consider  
Not onely what delusions fancy shapes,  
But what effects it really produces:  
For certainly it can procure and cure  
All sorts of maladies: to that alone  
Some Naturallists impute the greatest part  
Of humane accidents, and even of those  
Predictions, transformations, prodigies  
Of birth and spectacle, which superstition

# I M P E R I A L E,

Hath usually proclaimed miracles:  
 All which by powerfull working on our spirits,  
 And bending forcibly our passions  
 Imagination causeth, though it be  
 A faculty coincident to Bruits,  
 Receiving objects from the common sence;  
 But these his perturbations I suspect  
 To flow from mixt affections, griefe, and anger,  
 The last of which possesseth most the bloud  
 And humors of *Italians*, and I doubt  
 That he thereby having involv'd himselfe  
 In that which is our Nations crime, *Revenge*,  
 Hath bin by th' other faction undermin'd:  
 If this be, his disease is curable;  
 Yet so, as every vertuous man must thinke  
 The remedy as bad as the disease,  
 Unlesse strict Iustice doe become th' avenger,  
 Or that their own sad fates appease his rage:  
 O how it wounds my heart to see my friend,  
 And one that truly meriteth that name  
 (But for that vice, whereof not to be guilty  
 Is made a vice here, by the Tyrant *custome*)  
 Plung'd in distresse, that cannot receive counsell!  
 But could he once with safety be restor'd  
 To his owne native ingenuity,  
 He would detest such crimes; his candid soule  
 Appeares in this, that in the midst of fury,  
 The sight or name of him he lov'd before  
 Can *Orpheus*-like calme his enraged spirit:  
 I therefore am oblig'd by sacred friendship,  
 Even to devote my selfe to all just meanes  
 Of his recovery, and I will performe it;



*A Tragedy.*

To cure *Orestes* (if the Heavens so please)  
There shall not want a faithfull *Pylades*.

---

*Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta.*

*Imperiale, Honoria, Angelica, Servants, Friends,  
Doria, Maskers.*

**A** Re all things ready?  
*Ser.* Yes Sir.

*Imp.* Noble friends,  
Your presence gives addition to the honour,  
Which some yong Gentlemen are pleas'd to do me  
In the free presentation of their mirth,  
Most seasonable in time of *Carnivall*,  
And fit to celebrate this joyfull feast,  
Which we may challenge as our holy-day.

*Fri. 1.* The honour of this day chiefly belongs  
To you, and to your family ; but yet  
The benefit redounds to the whole State,  
Which every yeare is thankfully acknowledg'd.

*Fri. 2.* The State by such acknowledgement invites  
All generous spirits beyond common duty,  
To venture life and fortune for her safety. (happy,

*Imp.* This Common-wealth that makes them truly  
Who share the blessings of her government,  
Disdains not, like a tyranny, to owe  
A benefit to subjects ; nor rewards  
With banishment, in stead of Bayes their merit :  
But hark, musick proclaims the Maskers comming,  
Be pleas'd to take your places, there are seats.

*IMPERIALE,*

*Fri. 1.* I must crave leave to place your daughter, sir  
She that is once betroathed is a Bride.

*Imp.* 'Twere incivility in her, or us,  
If you request it, not to be uncivill ;  
Sit down *Angelica*.

*Hou.* Sit down, sit down,  
Our friends desires are in our house commands.

*A Boy, clad like a nuptiall Geniu, sings this song.*

**C**ome Hymen, light thy full branch'd Pine,  
And let a rose wreath intwine  
Thy reeking brow ; let thy brave fire  
With liquid vertue thee inspire,  
while waggish boyes in witty rimes,  
Taxing the follies of the times,  
Spare not their masters, who are now  
Content this freedome to allow,  
Thus the chaste girdle of the Bride  
Must be by pleasant rites untid,  
But let dark silence bring to bed  
Such as want Hymen when they med.

*The song ended, Hymen appears with Fescenine youths dancing an antique dance ; toward the end of which dance, Prince Doria personating Thalassius, presents himselfe with other yong Gentlemen his friends, representing the first Roman Souldiers with their Swords drawne : At this sight Hymen and his company breake off abruptly, and banish confusedly ; then they sheath their swords, and fall into a martiall dance, at the conclusion whereof, Doria suddenly embraceth Angelica, the Masquers all crying out :*

*Mas.*

*A Tragedy.*

*Atas.* For *Thalassius*, for *Thalassius*.

*Imp.* Though custome challengeth a liberty  
To take our wives and daughters forth to tread  
A measure without scandall; yet t'embrace,  
And whisper too, requires a better warrant  
Than *Carnivall* permission, it implyes  
Domesticke priviledge, or an affront.

*Mas.* For *Thalassius*, for *Thalassius*.

*Imp.* That voyce was frequent at a publicke rape,  
But sacred hospitality forbids  
All jealousie of any ill intent.

*Dor.* Not, as the Romans when they had betraid  
The Sabine Virgins, do my glad freinds make  
These acclamations of *Thalassius*;  
But rather as a more auspicious name  
Than that of drousie and lascivious *Hymen*;  
Behold the late Ambassadour himselve  
Thus contradicts his owne fain'd embasie.

*Ang.* My *Doria*!

*Hon.* O perfect happinesse!

*Fri.* 1. See how Prince *Doria* hath surpriz'd us all,  
Transform'd into a nuptiall Deitie.

*Imp.* My doubt is in the better sence resolv'd:  
You may perceive y' are welcome by the joy  
Exprest both by my daughter and my wife,  
In no drie complement, but in a moist  
And silent Oratory.

*Dor.* Which workes more  
On my affections; than a golden tongue:  
But tell me, my divine *Angelica*,  
How could'st thou at the tidings of my death,  
Put on a valiant incredulity,



IMPERIALE,

And when thou find'st me safe burst out in teares?

*Ang.* To lend beleefe to any ill report  
Of a known friend, although averr'd with boldnes,  
In common friendship were unpardonable,  
Much more in such a love as mine, which finding  
In a maine part a manifest untruth  
Was for your honour bound to flight the rest;  
And though there be a contrariety  
In the true causes of our joy and griefe,  
Yet both are oftentimes exprest by teares.

*Dor.* I could not entertaine, nor then, nor now,  
The least suspicion of thy constancy,  
But truest love delights to please it selfe  
With such disguises, and to finde by tryals  
Our owne assurance many wayes confirm'd:  
Nor had I ventur'd to disturb thy thoughts,  
Which thy discerning judgement did prevent,  
But that I had a present remedy.

*Ang.* I might have safely tasted what the *Mede*,  
Or the fierce *Parthian* dips his arrows in,  
So long as there was such an antidote.

*Dor.* Were I left helpelesse by *Machaons* art,  
Thy presence hath a vertue would restore me;  
*Pandora* on whom each Deity bestow'd  
A severall gift, was not endow'd like thee.

*Imp.* So soone at strife? if you will needs contend  
Who shall love best, I'll put you both together.

*Dor.* He whose ambition made him weep and sweat  
Within the narrow limits of one world,  
Did never thirst so much for fame and glory  
As I for that encounter; in which combat,  
Whether I vanquish, or be vanquished,

*A Tragedy.*

I shall not envy *Pompey*' or *Cæsars* triumphs.  
In the mean time I'll crave an houre or two  
For preparation of some necessaries,  
Whereof my absence makes me destitute.

*Imp.* Troth my occasions have the like request;  
And therefore if this noble company  
Will honour us to morrow with their presence,  
We shall endeavour to requite their loves.

1 *Fri.* Most willingly.

2 *Fri.* And at your nuptiall feast,  
Wee'll wish that every *grace* may be your guest.

*Dor.* I'll soon return, my heart with thee shall stay  
As a sure pawne.

*Ang.* You carry mine away.

*Imp.* You have some businesse too must be dispatcht,  
Goe, lose no time; *Molosso* come thou hither,  
I leave thee in my absence to take care  
That supper be prepar'd, and tell the Steward  
That great revenue *parsimony*, now  
Must be by us neglected: thriving men  
In charges that come seldome, are profuse.

---

*Actus Quartus. Scena Sexta.*

*Molosso.*

I Shall sir, yes, by that time you returne,  
You shall confesse you have a skilfull Cater:  
Why should proud greatnesse undervalue us,  
And our condition, since there is no slave  
But is in bloud extracted from a King,

*IMPERIALE,*

No King but is descended from a slave.  
All sorts of men are they not actuall slaves?  
The Courtier though he dazels vulgar eies  
With choice of glittering suits, knows he subsists  
By suits beg'd servilely: the rich Banquier  
Enthrals his debtor, and his money him:  
This Captaine is a Captive to that wench;  
This Magistrate to bribes; that Lord to pride;  
This Statesman to ambition; all to feare:  
From which we only that have nought to lose  
Are free, and that shall suddenly appeare;  
I'll send the servants forth, that *Sango* and I  
May act our parts with more security.  
See how the fates themselves have help'd to bring  
The beast into my toile, and made both him  
And his whole house the subject of my vengeance;  
My joy is such I cannot temper it:  
As when the Bloud-hound in a leash b'ing led,  
Noseth the ground, and while the prey's far off,  
Spares both his mouth and feet, but drawing neare,  
Will open wide, and drag away his leader:  
So are my thoughts transported, I'll away,  
My fury calls for bloud, and I obey.

Chorus of two.

I **U**Ndoubted friendship having made  
A strong impression in the minde,  
Though wilde distempers doe invade  
Our reason, can their fury binde.  
Love in distracted thoughts may beare  
As great a sway as servile feare.



*A Tragedy.*

2 He whose strong passions are his foes,  
Is happy in a faithfull friend,  
That will assist him to compose  
Those strifes that to his ruine tend.

A true friend wishes not a cause,  
But when there's need, he ne're withdraws.

1 A Lover with no ill intent,  
will Proteus-like new formes devise,  
He faines to be on errands sent,  
And then himselfe he will disguise  
Like to a god, Love loves to stray,  
And seldome keeps the beaten way.

2 But now the fatall time drawes neare,  
wherein the errour, and th' offence  
Of Imperiale will appeare,  
To trust the slave he did incense,  
And to encourage him to act  
what he once thought a hainous fact.

1 But may there not be some excuse,  
At least to mitigate his fault;  
That he could not expect a truce,  
And that he found his owne life sought?  
It hath been counted justice still,  
Rather than to be kill'd, to kill.

2 There's no excuse can purge the guilt  
That murder brings; we must not take  
Our owne revenge, bloud by us spilt,  
will our whole off-spring guilty make:

IMPERIALE,

Then let's not blame heavens justice, when  
Great plagues doe light on Vertuous men.

---

*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Fidele, Evagrio.*

WE see there is small hope that gentle sleep  
Can find admittance to his troubled thoughts  
While rage distracts 'hem ; he's no sooner laid  
To rest upon his couch, but up he starts.

*Eva.* The wise *Justinian* means this night to bring  
Some select musick that may rock his senses  
Into a slumber with *Aolian* tunes  
Compos'd t'allay wild passions ; we are all  
Eternally oblig'd to that good man ;  
Who though he be with hearty sorrow mov'd  
To see his friend in such necessity,  
Ev'n of his help, yet is resolv'd t'employ  
His constant care, nor will he ever thinke  
His debt of friendship paid by any labour.

*Fid.* What will become of us if he miscarry?  
We are his Kinsmen, and have no subsistence  
But by his onely bounty ; I receiv'd  
A deadly wound in the deplored death  
Of his deare son, who oft was pleas'd to bid me  
Throw all my care on him, and now I finde  
My hopefull venturesunk in that brave ship.

*Eva.* To lose our friends and fortunes, I confesse,  
Is that which needs must shake the firmest mindes,  
But when there is no hope for us t'increase

*A Tragedy.*

Our own affliction, and to lose our spirits,  
Is an infirmity beneath a man :  
Why should we doubt his safe recovery,  
Since passion as we see, doth but disturbe  
His reason, not destroy't ? when he's at worst,  
Hee'll hearken to the counsell of his friend.

*Fid.* How earnestly he begs, that he may speake  
With *Imperiale* ! and seemes *Iustinian*  
Already condescends to his request;  
Me thinkes that should not be, since he suspects  
Him to be privy to *Francisco's* death.

*Eva.* No doubt *Iustinian* understands what's fit;  
Perchance if once he shall his mind unburden  
His passions may remit, or he may seeme  
To promise, 'cause he would not have him crost;  
These things we wholly must commit to him,  
Whose Iudgement's not inferior to his love:  
He wish'd us but withdraw a while, wee must  
Not be farre off, lest hee should chance to call;  
For what so'e'r occasion they should have  
There's none but we'r' assist: *Sango* the slave  
Hath taken liberty to go abroad  
At his own pleasure, who would think the Villain  
Durst venture to be absent at this tyme?

*Fid.* I have observ'd a wondrous league of late  
Betweene him and his Cofin slave; how e're  
Their Lords are far asunder, they are neere.

*Eva.* T'is ever best when such as they are kept  
To dayly labor, the least ease corrupts 'hem.

*Fid.* There might perchance be som discovery made  
If they were both examined apart,  
And made beleeve each other had confest.



IMPERIALE,

Eva. Some plot t'islike, to steale a silver spoone  
To purchase *Opium*, or the drug Tobacco;  
That is the height of their ambitious theft:  
But harke, they knocke, I prithy goe thou in,  
And I'll take order to have *Sango* sent for.

---

*Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.*

*Cater, Porter, Cooke.*

**T**Hou blowest as much as he that carried  
An Oxe upon his shoulders, set it downe,  
There's for thy paines.

*Por.* Troth't was a heavy burthen.

*Cat.* There's six *dinaro's* more.

*Por.*—I thanke you, sir.

*Cooke.* Me thinks *Molosso* might have sav'd this charge  
And beene himselfe the Porter.

*Cat.* Who? the Slave?

He's now our *Major-Domo*, our Lord told me  
He would deliver his commands by him;  
He gave me order to make this provision.

*Cooke.* I like him, he begins his government  
With bounty, now the Cooke may shew his skill;  
Since I came hither I have bin confin'd  
To severall fallers, porrage with scrapt cheese,  
And a few *Vermicelle*, such slight dishes.  
O when I serv'd the Grand-Dukes master Cooke  
How we were all impley'd! I can remember,  
What lectures of our mistery hee'd reade,  
Stiling the belly master of all arts,

*A Tragedy.*

And by a modell of his owne invention  
Demonstrate how the antique Cookes were wont  
To dresse the entire Boare, he was a Scholler  
And would discourse of the delicious *Sumen*,  
And of the noble patrons of the Kitchin  
Both Greekes and Romanes; he was wont to speake  
Most reverently of one *Apicius*.

*Cat.* Why what was he?

*Cooke.* A man of a brave stomack,  
That spent upon his belly neare three millions,  
And having cast up his accounts, and found  
Only two hundred and od thousand crownes  
Remayning to support his appetite,  
Doubting he should be famisht, rather chose  
To live by fame, and end his life with poyson?  
But prithy knock; there was another too,  
One *Nomentanus*, but far short of him:  
Will they not open? we shall all be shent,  
Knock harder.

*Cat.* Sure they are a sleep, perhaps  
The slave b'ing overleaven'd with his favour  
Hath made himselfe starke drunk; we shall disturbe  
Our Lady and her Daughter, I much wonder  
Mistress *Nugella* comes not to the doore.

*Noyse within. Oh!*

*Cooke.* What noyse is that within? some body

*Cat.* I will goe seeke our Patron. (groanes,

*Cooke.* Heere he comes.

*Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.*

*Imperiale, Cater, Cooke.*

**V**W Hat, no forwarder? w' are like to sup to night  
At a fine houre.

*Cat.* W' have beene a good while heere fir,  
Have often knockt, but cannot be let in.

*Cooke.* W' we thought we heard a groaning in the house.

*Imp.* How? knock againe, yet, this is very strange,  
Where should *Molosso* be? perhaps my wife  
And daughter with their maids may all be busie;  
For I suppose they were to take a bath:  
He certainly would not neglect my service:  
I know not what to thinke, my jealousy  
Suggests a thousand feares; goe presently,  
Desire the Engineer to lend m' an Engine,  
That I may force the doore.

---

*Actus Quintus. Scena Quarta.*

*Molosso, Sango above, Imperiale below.*

**S**Ir, here are they  
Meane to make good this Fort in spite of you,  
And all your engineers.

*Imp.* What's thy intent?

Thou know'st how farre I trust thee, dear *Molosso*.

*Mol.* It is not your untimely trust or favour

(That



*A Tragedy.*

(That is to me but sun-shine after shipwrack)  
Can satisfie your former injuries:  
I would have spent an age in base observance  
Onely to gaine this day, this happy houre  
That shall produce what no time shall forget.

*Imp.* I owe my life to thee and ever shall  
Make that acknowledgement, then doe not thou  
Destroy thine owne great merit.

*Mol.* Thinke not fond man,  
I sav'd thy life for any love of thee,  
But to reserve thee for a greater plague.

*Imp.* O my deare wife and daughter! where are they?

*Mol.* Both yet alive, the mischief's done already,  
But not the vengeance, thou shalt that behold,  
Till then ther's nothing can be cal'd revenge:  
Goe bring'hem *Sango*, thou hast had thy fill.

*San.* Of *Verdea*, or as witty gallants use  
T'expresse the full fruition of their love,  
Of *Nectar*, sweeter far than that of *Love*.

---

*Actus Quintus. Scena Quinta.*

*Justiniano, Spinola, Imperiale, below; Molosso, Sango,  
Honorio, Angelica above.*

THE best Physicians in extremities,  
Allow their Patients what they most desire,  
Though n'ere so seeming hurtfull: when diseases  
Exceed their safe and usuall remedies,  
They many times are cur'd by contraries:  
What should this meane?

IMPERIALE,

*Spi.* I must exact your promise.

*Iust.* Vpon condition you'll forbear all out-rage.

*Spi.* Set mee my bounds, and see if I transgresse.

*Iust.* Stand here then, and be silent.

*Spi.* Like a statue.

*Mol.* Behold a payre of Brides, theire haire displai'd  
Muse not to see'hem weep, the cause is light.

*Imp.* What is the wo that these strange signes import?  
Speake my *Honorio*, my *Angelica*.

*Hon.* That which no womans tongue is fit t'expresse,  
Nor any humane eare fit to receive.

*Im.* Mine eares may heare what such soft hearts  
I have a breast prepar'd for misery. (can beare,

*Hon.* Behold the Wolvs, the Beares, that our sad dreās  
Fore-warnd us of, which you did so despise.

*Mo.* You hear how light the cause is, but a dream.

*Hon.* Our wretched story's told and understood,  
I'th sole repetition of that vision;  
The Jewels ravish't from our innocent necks  
Are our high prised honours, which these monsters,  
When swords and direfull threats could not prevaile,  
By cruell force assisting one another,  
Wrung from us both.

*Ang.* Oh that heavens power had pleas'd  
According to my fervent invocation,  
To have transform'd me to some ugly monster,  
That horror might have frightened away lust!  
Or been converted into sudden rage,  
Whereby my life had ransomed mine honour!

*Im.* Was there none neer to aid? where was *Nugella*?

*Ho.* Bound and the strangled, all the rest were forth.

*Im.* What haste a wretched creature makes to hear  
His owne dire wretchednesse, but now *Molosso*,

*A Tragedy.*

Since thou hast cloy'd thy furious appetite,  
Unbinde their tender hands , and send them downe,  
That we may all condole their heavy fortunes.

*Mol.* If my revenge could have been satisfied  
With what's already done, it had done nothing;  
No, Beares and Wolves alway persist to death,  
And I lament to find so narrow a Stage  
To Act my vengeance on, as but two women:  
*Sango* prepare.

*San.* Command and I obey.

*Ang.* Then there is hope to finde compassion  
In more then Scythian breasts, ther's but that left  
To expiate your former cruelty.

*Im.* O spare their lives and all shall be forgiven !

*Mol.* We are too farre embark't to hope or wish  
To be forgiv'n ; mischief's upheld by mischiese.

*Im.* Alas poor souls, what crime have they cōmitted?

*Mol.* They are both thine *Imperial*, that's their crime,  
Which cannot be washt off, but with their blood.

*Im.* Oh rather let thy fury fly on him  
Who ownes that crime , and all thou canst object:  
Slay me, and so thy fact may finde excuse,  
Behold my breast I'll come and offer it.

*Mol.* Thou would'st perswade us to take pity on thee,  
Wee'll strike thee heere , these are thy tender parts,  
Where thou wilt be most sensible of paine.

*Imp.* They doe not act revenge , but cruelty,  
That, for the nocent, kill the innocent.

*Mol.* Vēgeāce moves horror then, when innocents dy;  
He acts but the Laws part, that kils the nocent.

*Hon.* Endeavour not to turne wild beasts to men;  
Our lives are uselesse , you in us will lose



I M P E R I A L E,

A wife and daughter, but in you our Countrey  
No lesse than we, a Husband and a father.

*Ang.* Although our ravisht honours had not made  
This life so heavy a burthen, we had knowne  
A Widow, and an Orphan, to be marks  
Of common wrong, and righted but by death.

*Imp.* But yet your pious lives might purge the guilt  
Which time hath heapt upon your fathers head,  
To whom a present death may antidate  
Some weeks, or moneths, or some few yeares at most.

*Mo.* These strifes afford 'hem cōfort, lets dispatch.

*Imp.* Hold, hold, I beg but respite to depart.

*Mo.* So would the joy of our revenge depart.  
It is the height of our triumphant glory,  
That thou shalt see 'hem die, cast thine eyes up.

*Im.* I will not, slave, looke thou down, and despair  
T'have me behold thy cruell insolence.  
Sorrow and indignation joyne together  
To swell these bails, and loosen all their strings,  
That they may meet my hands—(*puls out his eyes.*

————— which now have done

No more than what that sight alone would doe.  
So shall the Sun and Moon, heavens rowling eyes,  
Drop from their spheres at the worlds generall ruine,  
T'avoid the spectacle; t'is fit my light  
Should be extinguisht with my dearest objects.

*Mel.* What? hast thou so deluded us? thine cares,  
Thou wantst eyes to see, shall heare their groanes.

*Hon.* Oh, oh! *Ang.* Oh oh!

*Mel.* I would have labour'd more for this revenge,  
Than those that search the bowells of the earth  
For Mynes, or dive into the Sea for pearles.

*A Tragedy.*

*Imp.* Although before thy execrable deed  
Thou did'st deny me death, yet I in life  
Found out a way t'exempt me from the living.

*Actus Quintus. Scena sexta.*

*Doria, Imperiale, Molosso, Sango, Justiniano, Spinola.*

**W**Hose fortune should I envy, that am going  
To take possession of a happinesse,  
Great and (what crownes felicity) secure?  
Such constant joy proceeds from vertuous love:  
But soft, what unexpected change is heere?  
Either mine eyes mistake, or my *Imperial*  
Is quite depriv'd of his; alas, 'tis so:  
I am amaz'd at this sad spectacle.

*Imp.* There can be none but yong Prince *Doria* left,  
So apprehensive of my misery.

*Dor.* What strange Eclipse, or dire *Stymphalides*  
With their prodigious wings obscure the sun?  
What cruell hand hath made us all thus wretched?

*Imp.* What thou behold'st, is the least part of mine,  
And thine owne woe.

*Dor.* Where's my *Angelica*?

*Imp.* She and her mother are both vilely murder'd;  
And that's not all, they both were ravish't first  
By those two savage beasts.

*Mol.* 'Tis thy fate *Doria*  
To be involv'd in that mans vow'd destruction.

*Dor.* Where am I now, in traituall *Italy*?  
Or in *Hircania*, where there's nothing seene  
But horrid monsters, and perpetuall now?

# IMPERIALE,

O wickednesse that no age will believe,  
 And all Posterity deny! malicious fate,  
 That to my boundlesse misery addest this;  
 To make me suffer barbarous wrongs from such  
 As are not capable of my revenge!  
 Were the sole Monarch of the world the actor,  
 Or had he but conniv'd at the deed done  
 By's lustfull sonne or minion; I might hope,  
 Arm'd with the justice of my cause, to wrest  
 The ill-swaiv'd scepter from him, and reduce  
 Him and his race t' unparrallel'd examples  
 Of woefull pride, and miserable greatnesse.  
 Then if abstracted spirits knowledge have  
 Of humane vowes, looke downe deflowred Mayd,  
 But yet no lesse a Virgin than a *vestall*:  
 Since honour cannot stoop to punish slaves,  
 Whose vile condition sinkes beneath that vengeance,  
 'Bove which no tyrants power could hope to clime;  
 And since thy cruell sufferings (blest soule)  
 Require strict satisfaction; loe, I turne  
 My fury on my selfe, and punish thus  
 Mine owne malignant fortune:

*Offers to kill himselfe.*

————— who holds me?  
 Forbeare, I may not be disarm'd.

*Iust.* That man  
 Who is transported by a desperate rage  
 Disarmes himselfe; he that may hinder mischief,  
 And yet permits it, is an accessary.

*Dor.* Noble *Iustinian*, thou wert wont to be  
 Full of compassion, shew it now, and end



*A Tragedy,*

*Iust.* That which had beene a crime  
Not to prevent, were wickednesse to act.

*Dor.* Restore me then my sword, it is not worse  
To kill him that unwilling is to die,  
Than t'hinder him that's willing.

*Iust.* If thou kill'st  
Thy selfe, thereby thou dost confesse a guilt.

*Dor.* The guilty seldome infl:ct punishment  
Upon themselves; what wretch can keepe a life  
So full of misery?

*Iust.* This wretchednesse  
Not to be able to beare misery;  
It is not as thou think'st renowned *Doria*,  
A vertue to hate life; but to endure  
These weighty strokes of Fortune valiantly;  
And this becomes thy noble birth and spirit,  
On which th' afflictions of the world should fall,  
But as tempestuous showres into the Sea.

*Dor.* Try counsell comes too late, sentence is given  
By me upon my selfe, nor canst thou save,  
Or yet reprieve me; who resolves to die  
Finds weapons every where; my mind could arm  
These hands without a sword, but it disdaines  
All borrowed aid; my weapons are within:  
If sudden joy can speedy death command,  
Why should not griefe? and mine above all others?  
Then summon all thy forces, mighty sorrow,  
Contract this stubborne heart and tuffe it,  
Deny it the bold priviledge, to be  
The last that feelles the stroke of death: so, so,  
It shoots a vapour that will poyson it,  
And choak each passage of the vitall spirits;

I M P E R I A L E,

And now I feele it beat againſt my breaſt,  
 As if it gave th'alarum unto all  
 The organs of my life: O how it ſtruggles,  
 Diſdaining to ſubmit! proud rebell down,  
 Thy ligaments are ſhrunke, and I approach  
 The place where Lovers after death reſide,  
 Where I a Gholt will yet enjoy my Bride:  
 Wilt thou not yield? doſt thou expect reliefe?  
 Time, that releaſeth ſorrow, ſhall not joyne  
 With reſreſht nature to repaire thy ruine;  
 I to a broken heart will adde this doome,  
 No ſuſtenance within theſe lips ſhall come.

*Mol.* Thy daughter, *Imperial*, is canoniz'd:  
 With contrite heart devout Prince *Daria*,  
 Hath vow'd a faſt t'his Saint *Anghelica*.

*Imp.* I feele ſo great a weight of miſery,  
 That I can ſcarce be ſenſible of more,  
 Although it be (what's harder to be borne  
 Than my calamity) a villains ſcorne.

*Spi.* Thus ſhall my ſilence breake, into remorse,  
 Not into rage, that ſeaver of the ſoule  
 Is quite converted to an *Apachie*;  
 Let me cry out to fate as *Hannibal*  
 At *Cannæ*, to his bloody Souldiers, Spare;  
*Imperial* know'ſt thou the voyce of *Spinola*?  
 By the moſt faithfull head of my *Juſtinian*  
 (Than which there cannot be a holier found)  
 I truly am mov'd with pity, thy ſad ſtory  
 Would melt a flinty heart into compaſſion;  
*Procrustes* or the wild Inhabitants  
 Of horrid *Caucasus* are mild to theſe.

*Imp.* I know not, gentle *Spinola*, how thou

Canſt

Canst accept thanks from mee, that have from thee  
 Deserv'd to ill; it may not be suppos'd  
 I can dissemble now, that Villaine there (ledge,  
 Contriv'd thy deare sons death without my know-  
 Though I am guilty of as great a crime:  
 For I was willing, to my too late grieve  
 Upon discovery made by thine owne Slave  
 Of thy intent, to have the same retorted  
 Upon thy selfe, the rest that wretch did plot,  
 In whom I plac'd a wicked confidence;  
 And did at length too much applaud the fact,  
 From whence our mutuall miseries result.

*Spi.* Thy crime was but diversion of an evill,  
 Whereof I hate the memory, and wish  
 I could drinke deepe of *Lethe*, to forget  
 That impious designe; and for these Villaines,  
 I'll study a new punishment, that shall  
 Transcend *Perillus* Bull, and all the torments  
 Invented by the fierce *Sicilian* tyrants.

*Mol.* 'Tis wretchedness to feare where ther's no hope;  
 Could'st thou believe, vaine *Spinola*, that wee  
 Would undertake to act so bold a mischief,  
 And not resolve upon as brave an end?  
 We that have gained such a full revenge,  
 Meane not to lose it by a poore submission  
 To hopelesse mercy, or your new found torments;  
 Though fortune made us wretched slaves to you,  
 We both retaine some sparkes of th' active fire,  
 Which the traditions of our Countrey tell us,  
 Did somerimes flame in our *Numidian* breasts,  
 Not yet so quencht by servitude, but we  
 Have will and power to free our selves; behold



Our liberty, these shall restore us now  
To that equality that nature gave,  
In which blinde chance hath put a difference;  
One blow from these *deliversers*, can make  
An abject beggar equall to a King:

*Sango* keepe time.

*San.* I'm ready.

} *The slaves pistoll*  
} *each other.*

*Mol.* By consent

We thus avoide and mocke your punishment.

*Spi.* The Harpies are flowne suddenly to hell,  
And hang already on that hideous rock,  
Where dreadfull fiends lie gaping to receive'hem;  
But let me, sir, become your faithfull guide  
To lead you to my house, where you shall live,  
And want no comfort love or cost can give.

*Imp.* The onely comfort of a wretched soule  
Is to despaire of comfort: I see not  
The mansion guilty of such wickednesse,  
But I am seene, a wretch, in *Genoa*,  
Where all my ancestors stand wreath'd with honour:  
I'll wander to a desert, or else clime  
Some remote mountain, where dark clouds that hang  
About his high erected head, shall hide me  
From all the eyes of men; there I'll lament  
My miseries in willing banishment.

*Iust.* What need we care how pow'rfull our foes be,  
When slaves can bring us to such misery?  
Whose inrate cruelties at length appeare,  
Though they the same may cunningly forbear,  
For their own ends; it is not wisdom then  
To place our trust in such condition'd men,  
Whom punishments, and wants, and feares prepare  
To hatred, to deceit, and to despaire:

Yet

*A Tragedie.*

A life loathed.

Yet these are but poore instruments, the cause  
That on our heads heaven's indignation drawes,  
Springs from our selves, 'gainst which ther's no de-  
Like th'armour of a spotlesse innocence. (fence

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